

ANOTHER NEW REPUBLIC



The Market Square of Helsinki.

The recently created republic of Finland, where bloody, civil warfare has raged, lies in the same latitude as Greenland and Alaska. It is not small in size, for Finland is about as large as the whole of France. The Finlanders themselves speak of their land as Suomen-maa, or Suomi. It is a region of lakes and granite rocks, much of it desolate and water-logged, where winter reigns supreme for from seven to nine months in the year. At least one-ninth of the surface is covered with lakes and the greater part of the rest is forest. Less than one acre in thirty is arable, but a somewhat larger amount is suited for grazing.

We think of Greenland as a frozen and desolate land, fit only for the abode of the hardy Eskimos writes Nevil O. Winter in the Christian Herald. And yet in Finland, in a severe northern climate, has grown up a hardy and virile race. Perhaps it was because only the sturdiest could survive under such conditions, for isolation bred self-reliance and industry was necessary to existence. At any rate the fact remains that the Finns have developed a civilization that is unique and of interest. It is not surprising, to one familiar with the Finns and their history, to know that a republic has been proclaimed. No people are more truly democratic. Under the autocratic rule of the czars, Finland maintained her democratic institutions, and it was the only part of Russia where the traveler was free to move about without having a demand made almost daily for his passport. The Russian calendar, which is thirteen days behind our own, was ignored, and in every way the public and social customs differed from those of the Russians.

The Finns have always objected to being classed as Russians. Of Mongolian descent, they were among the earliest of the Oriental races to cross the Urals and descend upon the fertile plains of Russia. They were gradually driven to the inhospitable North by successive waves of immigration. They are first cousins to the Magyars of Hungary and distant cousins of the Turks. Like the Celts of Ireland, the Finns were never able to establish an independent state capable of resisting the external pressure of Teuton, Slav and Turk. In the twelfth century they were brought under the sway of the roving Vikings, who organized a crusade to convert the heathen Finns.

Annexed by Russia.

Since then the country has been buffeted about between Sweden and Russia. Peter the Great conquered a part of it, but the entire country was not annexed until one hundred and ten years ago. Then it was really a union and not an unconditional surrender. The czar took the title of Grand Duke of Finland, and as such he continued to rule until the abdication of Nicholas II. The fundamental laws of the country were officially recognized and confirmed by each succeeding autocrat, although in recent years there had been much encroachment on the rights of the independent Finns in the attempt at Russification. For this reason there has been great unrest for more than two decades.

Until 1898 Finland had not been required to furnish soldiers for the imperial Russian army. In that year the czar informed the Diet (Congress) that the military service must be made to conform to that of the rest of the empire. Finnish susceptibilities were aroused, as this seemed but the opening wedge for the destruction of all their liberties. The people entered upon a campaign of passive resistance. Every man, woman and child dressed in mourning on the Sunday succeeding the manifesto. Bells were tolled in the churches, and places of amusement were closed. Many thousands emigrated to the United States.

Long Summer Days.

During the long winters daylight lasts only three or four hours. On the shortest days it is even less. Then it is indeed, as most people think, a land of snow and ice. For three months it is so hot that the wealthy residents seek summer resorts for comfort. During that time it is practically one long day. Not a star is to be seen, and the appearance of time of autumn frosts has arrived.

During my visit, the evening twilight had scarcely disappeared before the morning twilight chased the gloom of night away. One could read out of doors until after eleven o'clock. These long days, with scarcely any night, force vegetation to grow at a hothouse pace. Land and water have no time to cool. Summer comes in this strange land with a sudden burst of flowers, sunlight and birds.

Finland is a land of pine and fir-clad hills, for only a comparatively small portion seems to be cleared. The most of the country is fairly level, so that it has not the grandeur of the Scandinavian kingdom. In the cleared portions stand neat little wooden cottages, which are usually kept freshly painted, red being the favorite color. Surface drain ditches are made in the cultivated fields every few rods, and all seems most carefully tilled.

Helsinki, the capital of Finland, is one of the interesting towns of Europe. Water seems to surround it on every side. It dates back to 1550, when it was founded by the Swedish king Gustavus Vasa, and the liberties of a town were immediately conferred upon the little hamlet as a special favor. From the water side it is protected by the great fortress of Sveaborg, which is called the "Gibraltar of the Baltic," and of which one occasionally reads in the news dispatches. The highest point in Helsinki is crowned by a great and imposing Lutheran church, and the majority of the Finns are adherents of this faith.

Scenes in Helsinki.

Through the center of Helsinki runs a great boulevard, known as the Esplanade-Gatan, and this is the center of life in summer. The schools close for these months and everybody enjoys one long holiday so far as possible. One day seems almost to melt into another. The young women one sees in Helsinki are of the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired type, for the Swedish type seems to prevail here. Young girls, almost to the end of their teens, wear their hair in two flaxen braids that hang down the back. They have the same social freedom as their sisters on this side of the Atlantic.

The market of Helsinki is an excellent place to study the Finns and their characteristics. From all over the surrounding country the peasants drive into the towns with their produce, and sell it direct to the townfolk. A small farmer may have killed a sheep or pig, and may be observed driving a keen bargain for the best cuts. Another has a few tiny kegs of butter covered with a layer of grass to keep it cool. Under old cotton umbrellas sit the market women with highly colored waists and black or white handkerchiefs tied over their heads. In a small basin are the boats of the fishermen just in from their catch. The housewives or maids pass from one stall or boat to another, inspecting their wares. A little after noon the fishermen and market merchants, who have come by sea, set sail, the cotton umbrellas come down, the wagons roll away, and the entire market disappears as by magic.

Communal Cooking Is Urged.

How long shall we have to wait before communal cooking becomes common in every class of society? The London Chronicle asks. The need of some system of catering on these lines constitutes the felt want of the moment.

In residential neighborhoods in every town, in every village throughout the length and breadth of the land there is an opening for supply kitchens worked on really practical business lines, where well cooked food of the plain and wholesome variety could be bought at reasonable prices—all ready to serve or merely requiring to be heated up.

Not only would such a system materially help to solve the servant difficulty, but it would insure an enormous saving in coal, in labor, in time and money—to say nothing of lessening the waste of food that is so flagrant a scandal in hundreds of homes today, while at the same time it would set free numbers of woman war workers.

When Money Talks.

"All the salespeople in Paris seemed to understand Mrs. Cumrox. She must speak French fluently." "No, not fluently. Abfluently."

GERMAN PRISON CRIMES RECITED

Former Royal Dublin Fusilier Tells of Tortures Undergone by Captives.

NURSE SPITS IN COFFEE

Tortures Wounded Officer Begging for Drink—Travel Five Days Without Food or Drink—Fiendish Forms of Cruelty.

Chicago.—A tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired Irish boy recently arrived here after spending two years in German prison camps and suffering from horrors such as few men survive. M. J. Prendergast is late of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He was with the Fourth division of the "contemptible little army" that fought at Mons. He took part in rear-guard actions after the retreat began, battling with what seemed to be innumerable hosts of the enemy until on August 27, 1914, he fell wounded in the head, somewhere near Etrepas.

He was picked up by the enemy and piled into a cattle car along with scores of other wounded prisoners. For five days he traveled north and east on the way to Germany, without food or water, without any attention by doctor or Red Cross nurse.

Nurse Torments Officer.

In his car was an officer of the Warwicks, painfully injured. At one of the many stations where the train stopped this man begged for some relief.



M. J. Prendergast.

lie. A Red Cross nurse brought a cup of coffee, held it in front of his eyes, spat in it and threw it in his face.

"It was the usual thing whenever they offered us anything to drink for those German nurses to spit in it first," Prendergast declares.

The prisoners were detained at Senne Lager bei Paderborn, one of the first prison camps opened by the enemy.

"For 17 days," says the Irish boy, "we lay on the bare earth uncared for. There was no shelter above us and not even a pallet of straw beneath us. There were barracks and stables nearby that might have been used, but we were not allowed to enter them. Most of us were too weak from our wounds and virtual starvation to be able to move. At last they put up a marquis, a mere canvas roof, without sides, and we were permitted to lie under it. The first medical attention I got was when some French and Russian doctors—prisoners—arrived at the camp. They dressed my head as best they could, but they had no bandages, except what they could make from my dirty old army shirt.

"I was four months at Senne Lager, and in all that time was not given even the chance to bathe.

THE GOAL

Ry Katherine Lee Bates of The Vigilantes.

The world has glimpsed a vision
It shall not lose.
Not hatred nor derision
May disabuse
The nations, wronged and wronging,
Misted, misunderstood,
Of their deep human longing
For brotherhood.

Love is the only healing,
Music that blends
All discords, light revealing
Foes as friends.
New fires our youth enapture
To a strife that shall not cease
Until their glad hearts capture
The Prince of Peace.

They shall return with singing,
Whether they come
In flesh or spirit, bringing
Their prisoner home.
Courage and faith have bound him
Fast in a shining chain;
The blossomed thorn has crowned him,
Beauty from pain.

Goal of the toiling ages,
No longer far!
On through these little rages
Leads the star.
At last for a decision
They fight in mortal feud,
Brute Force against the Vision
Of Brotherhood.

"It was here they had a peculiar form of torture. Two big poles were erected in the center of the camp. The officers would pick out a couple of men—for no apparent cause beyond the fact that they were hated Britishers—and have them tied tightly to the poles, with ropes around their arms and their feet about an inch from the ground. Then they would set a bowl of shadow soup—our only food—in front of them, and leave them there for 48 hours. Three times I was given this torture. Of course one's head fell forward while in this position, and one was compelled to look at the bowl of soup that could not be reached, while hunger added to the pain of the tight ropes and the terrible weariness of suspension.

"Another favorite entertainment for the officers was to compel us to run for hours with our bare feet in wooden sabots that chafed with every step. We would run until we dropped from sheer exhaustion.

"From Senne Lager I went to Limberg.

"At Limberg we were inoculated with some virus, which we were told was to make us immune from typhus. The strange thing is that soon after 75 per cent of the camp came down with what they called 'bronchitis.' It developed into tuberculosis. It is to this fact I owe my freedom. They thought I was dying from consumption, and they sent me to Switzerland to be exchanged. I guess they would be disappointed if they could see me now."

WHAT WILL YOU CALL THE GARDEN

New Idea for Boys and Girls of the United States School Garden Army.

WHO IS SOLDIER YOU KNOW?

Name the Little Plot for the One You Think of When You Hear Them Singing "The Long, Long Trail."

By WINIFRED BLACK.

(From the Department of the Interior.)

There is a new idea in the United States school garden army. It's this:

What are you going to name your own little plot of ground, little sister, if you are lucky enough to have one of your own in your back yard?

What are you going to call your potato patch, brother, you with the bright eyes that weren't so bright the day you went down to the station to see big brother off with his regiment?

Oh, yes, you fell in behind the soldiers and kept fine step to the music of the band and held up your head and felt big enough and strong enough to march a thousand miles and take a million German prisoners—but when he had gone and you went home and mother put her arms around you and held her head on your shoulder and asked you to help her to be brave—something queer happened to your heart and you have never felt quite the same since, have you?

And now they are beginning to tell you in school about Russia and what a rich country it is and how much it will mean in food if the Germans really get possession of it—and at home sometimes your grown folks look pretty serious and you wonder if it could be possible—no, it isn't, and you are going to help make it impossible. You and those strong little brown hands of yours. You and your brave heart and loyal soul. You and your war garden that you are cultivating for Uncle Sam.

What Will You Name Your Garden?

You'll have good luck with your garden or good success with it. There isn't much luck in the garden business. It all just simmers down to hard work and the right kind of care, and it is going to be hard work, too.

There will be hot days when your back aches and you want to go swimming; and cool days when your knees

MEMPHIS BOY GETS MEDAL

Horace M. Emery Decorated by King of Great Britain for Distinguished War Service.

Memphis, Tenn.—Horace M. Emery, a Memphis boy, has been decorated by King George of England for distinguished war service. He was wounded in the battle of the Somme and was sent to a hospital in London, where he has just recovered. When restored to health young Emery was summoned to the king's palace. King George met him and shook hands with him in real American fashion, and said:

"I am glad to meet you as an American citizen who came to my country as a member of our Canadian troops." Then the king pinned the medal on Emery's coat.

SERGEANT NETTIE GETS THEM

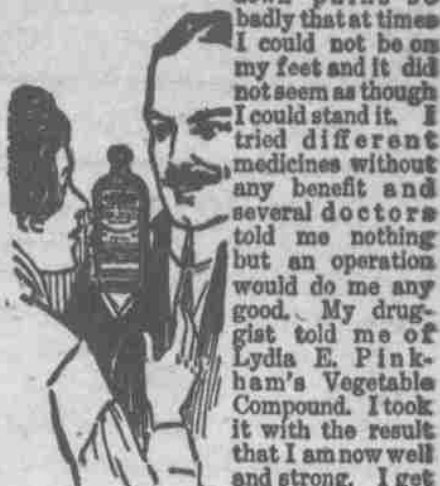
British-Canadian Recruiting Mission Has Only Woman Recruiting Officer in United States.

Chicago.—When Sergt. Nettie McPherson sounds the battle cry the men just go wild about her and fall over each other to enlist in the British army at local stations of the British-Canadian recruiting mission. In her trim Gordon Highlanders' kilts and tartan, and with her snappy black eyes and winsome smile, Sergeant Nettie gets 'em. She can also do a Highland fling and play the pipes, and when she does, the fighting blood of the Scot and Briton boils and he can't resist. Sergeant McPherson is said to be the only woman recruiting officer in the United States.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 86 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.



Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

ITCH!

Hunt's Salve, formerly called Hunt's Cure, is especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ring worm, and Tetter, and is sold by the druggist on the strict guarantee that the purchase price, 75c, will be promptly refunded to any dissatisfied customer. Try Hunt's Salve at our risk. Your local druggist, or direct by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.



W. N. U., MEMPHIS, NO. 16-1918.

Wouldn't Stand for That. A good story is told by Sir Auckland Geddes concerning an interfering saloon loafer and a Canadian soldier who bore on his shoulder the initials "C. E.," which stands for Canadian engineers.

The soldier, his face a study in concentrated wrathfulness, had the civilian by the scruff of the neck and was apparently just on the point of giving him a thrashing when a belated policeman put in an appearance.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" demanded the constable.

"What's it about?" replied the Canadian, giving the wretched loafer an extra shake to emphasize his words. "Why, he called me a conscientious ejector. Now watch him being ejected."

Really Bright Idea.

Margaret had been enjoying a visit from her cousin, a young woman librarian from a distant city. When, her vacation being over, she began getting ready to go, Margaret was filled with dismay and begged to have her stay longer.

Her mother said, "No, they need her at the library and she must go."

Margaret sat thinking soberly a long time. Then her face cleared and she cried out, "Oh, mamma, couldn't we get her renewed for two weeks?"

Vindictive.

Friend—What would you like best to plant this year?
Farmer—My summer visitors.

He who has "common" sense has sense to "come on" in the world.



When Coffee Disagrees There's always a safe and pleasant cup to take its place

INSTANT POSTUM

is now used regularly by thousands of former coffee drinkers who live better and feel better because of the change.

"There's a Reason"

TIMBER SALVED FROM HUN DUGOUTS



Salvage is playing a great part in the present war. This photograph shows timber salvaged from German dugouts that has been cut up in the sawmills of the New Zealand Tunneling company to be used in the construction of dugouts for the troops.